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What have our growers to say this
year of the new Japanese plums?

"Cut more hay this year than ever
before on the farm," is the expression
frequently heard from the farmers.

Corn is forging along toward ripeness
at a rapid rate this hot weather. The
growth is immense, both of stalks and
ears.

It is now claimed that the corn crop
of the country has been cut down one
million bushels by the widely prevailing
drought. We venture the guess, how-
ever, that the claim will prove to be
well founded. In order to make a large
crop of fine tubers this growth must be
both vigorous and rapid. In order to
make such growth they must be
manured with a manure specially
adapted to force this rapid development.
Every one knows that nitrogen in its
different forms is the element of manures
that specially promotes plant—that is,
leaf and stock development. A heavy
crop of tubers cannot be realized without
first this prompt and rapid development
of the vines. Hence a bountiful supply
of available nitrogen must at all times
during growth be within reach of these
growing vines. This supply must be
more than the chemist's examination of
the crop calls for, for the reason that
the full measure of applied fertilizer ingre-
dients are never realized in the crop, and
for the additional reason that the foliage
growth must be forced. Hence the ne-
cessity of a manure freighted with more
than the chemist's balance of nitrogen in
order to produce a bountiful crop of
tubers. Hence our fine crop from
manure rich in nitrogen.

Sweet corn in our garden of the Crosby
variety, planted June 20 for late use, is
at this date, Aug. 15, in full silk and
blossom, and with ears well along in
growth. It is but a trifle later than that
planted two weeks earlier. Nature
seems to hasten its work in order to
make up any shortage of the season
occasioned by unseasonable late planting.
We have noted this many times in a suc-
cession of plantings of the same kind of
seed.

And now a professor states that they
have experimented again and again at
the Wisconsin Station in offering both
corn and clover silage to hogs, and al-
ways with negative results. Of course
the hogs will eat the ears of corn from
the silo, he says, but he was unable to
get them to eat the stalk or leaves to
any extent. Nor can he see how hogs
can ever live on cornstalks, judging from
the way they treat the green stalks when
offered to them in summer time.

Good for our West! Over twenty
years ago the Illinois legislature took
cognizance of fair-ground evils, and its
action at that time has been a standing
law ever since. Encouragement is
provided county fairs to the extent of
\$100 per annum to each county society,
provided, "that no warrants shall be
drawn in favor of any agricultural
society until the president and treasurer
file an affidavit with the State board
of agriculture that no wheel of fortune
or gambling device was allowed on the
ground."

We do not know who in Maine reports
for the New England weather-crop
bulletin, but when in reporting the
apple crop of this State the bulletin
states, "it is considered that there are
plenty on most trees," the public are
misinformed. The Farmer's special re-
port two weeks ago gave the standing of
the crop reliably and direct from the
growers. Since that time we have driven
through three of the best apple-producing
towns in this country without finding a
single tree on the line of the road that had
even a half a crop on it. Most of the trees
were entirely barren. A run through
the largest fruit grower's orchard in
Androscoggin county, found scarcely
any apples on the trees, save some of the early varieties. In another
large orchard in the town of Turner, only
here and there a specimen could be
found. The large orchards in the cele-
brated orchard town of Greene are
nearly barren of fruit. There are, how-
ever, some limited areas where a
moderate crop of winter apples is
assured.

SCIENCE VS. THE FIELD.

We have just dug a basket of as fine
potatoes as we ever saw brought from
the field. The yield, too, was as bountiful
as the specimens were perfect. They
were grown on a plot of run out land
plowed and manured for the growing of
early vegetables for home use. Scientific
investigators have examined the potato
crop and have found a given number
of pounds of nitrogen, phosphoric acid
and potash represented in a specified
acreable production. As compared with
other farm crops the proportion of potash
is found to be larger than is found
with most other of the common farm
crops. We are taught, therefore, that the
proportion found of the manurial in-
gredients named is the proportion called
for in the making of a crop, and that
other things being equal the crop will be
large or small according as the combined
amount of the substance named is ap-
plied, up to the natural limit of produc-
tion of this vegetable. So a special com-
mercial manure for potatoes is made up
with its larger contents of potash to
meet the special needs of this crop. Un-
der this theory the potash available is
the measure of the crop. This all looks
well on paper, but what does the crop
say about it?

We have found in recent experience
that the best crops of potatoes are grown
with manures specially rich in nitrogen,
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That unashamed wild carrot, which was introduced into Maine fields
through grass seeds from outside the

ous material rather than in potash. In
the case of the plot on which the potatoes
above referred to were grown, it was
liberally manured with a stable manure
well known as rich in nitrogen, and,
later, the application was doubled. It is
well known that the early varieties of this
vegetable now raised make a quick
growth of vines. In order to make a large
crop of fine tubers this growth must be
both vigorous and rapid. In order to
make such growth they must be
manured with a manure specially
adapted to force this rapid development.
Every one knows that nitrogen in its
different forms is the element of manures
that specially promotes plant—that is,
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than the chemist's balance of nitrogen in
order to produce a bountiful crop of
tubers. Hence our fine crop from
manure rich in nitrogen.

and room enough to eat it. Mr. Murray
is under written contract to do this very
thing, and besides he knows what people
want and what they ought to have.
There was wide complaint last year over
the meager accommodations, and the
Trustees have made this arrangement
that all who want a first class service
can be provided with it.

Thus nothing has been omitted to
make this the model exhibition and the
model management of New England.

ON OUR TABLE.

The busy season of haying and the
corn harvest leaves little opportunity
for reading and reviews, so that we find
now that work is over a pile of neglected
books and pamphlets on our table claim-
ing attention.

First is the *Annual Report of the Di-
rectors of the Maine Experiment Station*
for the year 1893, by Prof. W. H. Jordan.

This is a book of 185 pages, contain-
ing a record in detail of the experiments

carried on in each department of the
station and all supplemented with
that important feature of and index,

which enables a busy worker to turn
promptly to whatever may be in it.

The report is full of just such matter as
every intelligent farmer and every stu-
dent of farming is searching for. While
the tendency is for scientific men to run
too exclusively to pure science, Prof.
Jordan comprehends the problems of
the farm and seeks to unlock their hid-
den mysteries to the comprehension and
to the advantage of the farmer. His work is for the farmer rather than
for science. The contents include in-
vestigations of the feeding powers of
plants for phosphoric acid, illustrated
with plates of great interest; analysis of
cattle foods; corn as a silage crop; feed-
ing experiments with cows with swine;
waste of fat in skimmed milk by the
deep-settling process. To these is added
notes by the horticulturist and the entomologist. Get the report and study it.
It will aid you in your farming.

DO EXCESSIVE RAINS HARM POLLENATION?

To your note of July 27, inquiring as
to the failure of the grape crop in this
region (Southern New Jersey) this season,
I regret to reply that in those sorts
most generally grown (the Concord and
the Ives) failure of crop will reach
perhaps three-fourths of what might be
regarded an average yield. In the vine-
yards, trellised on single wire, the above
named vines, and especially "Pearson's
Ironclad," of which I have planted
many, will not give $\frac{1}{4}$ of the crop they have done annually hitherto.
Clusters of fruit are very few and im-
perfect, and many hundreds of vines
do not carry even a single grape.

You ask: To what do I attribute this
failure of crop?

To the occurrence of profuse rains at
the critical time in the blossoming of
these sorts of grapes.

In support of this theory (which is
merely a theory), I mention sundry ob-
servations which seem to render it plausi-
ble.

For example, at the date when the
Ironclad vines were coming into full
bloom (this variety is earlier in flower
than any other, its berries fully formed
before the Concord or Ives blooms),
there were four days of nearly continu-
ous rain, during which fell twelve and a
half inches of water.

The failure of the Ironclad to fructify
is nearly total. Some of the vines bear
a few scattering berries, but most of
them are entirely bare of fruit.

Similar conditions prevailed during
the blooming of the Concord and Ives.
Frequent drenching showers, day and
night, for several days; the vine blos-
oms, through the time when opening or
opened, constantly dripping with rain
water, and the bees all staying at home.

A Concord vine, trained along the side
of my stable and sheltered by the eaves,
is fruitful as usual, loaded with fine clus-
ters of grapes. Another Concord, on a
wire trellis, about twenty feet distant
and fully exposed to rain, bears no fruit.

Another Concord, one lateral of which
climbs through the branches of a pear
tree, while the other lateral is on an ex-
posed wire; that which was sheltered by
the foliage of the tree is full of grapes,
that which is on the wire has no grapes.

Several Rogers vines, trellised along
the tree rows in my pear orchard, show
a like capriciousness of fruiting; the
vines exposed along the wires have no
grapes, portions of these vines, climbed
in the pear trees, are full of fruit.

An Elvira, near my dwelling house, and
overshadowed by a spreading maple tree,
is loaded with perfect clusters, and it is
the only true vine, of some thousands in
its vicinity, carrying over a fourth of a
crop.

Other varieties of the grape, growing
in my vineyards, show puzzling varia-
tions in fruitfulness.

The Catawba is full of good bunches.

The Elvira and Noah are fruitful as
usual, carrying a full crop. Herkimer,
also Norton, our latest to bloom (after
the reign of Jupiter Pluvius was done),

has a full show of perfect clusters, Cyn-
thiana also. Martha has a fair crop.

Kupstis has nothing. Worden nothing.
Pocklington nothing. Moore's Early
nothing. Delaware no crop.

Berkemann's a good crop.

Many other varieties show these re-
markable discrepancies, for which I can

only account by supposing that each has

some peculiar, critical time in blossoming

during which a drenching of rain

may damage fructifications.

If this critical time occur between showers,

pollination is affected.

Evening meetings are to be held as
usual at the Park. Tuesday evening the
State Board of Agriculture has the time,
Wednesday evening the State Grange,
and Thursday evening the State Pomo-
logical Society. These meetings are to
be held in a large tent provided expres-
sively for the purpose, the former quarters
in the Hall being this year called into
use for the additional machinery to be
in operation.

Hotel Swan, near the Park entrance,
is to be open this year. It has been leased
to Mr. Murray, the well known Maine

Central caterer of Waterville, than whom

no man knows better how to get up a
good dinner, or how better to serve it.

The dining room has been plastered and
put in neat and attractive order. There

are thousands of people at such a fair

who want a respectable and comfortable

place, with a good dinner, well served,

through grass seeds from outside the

State, is not making that progress that
was feared would be the case on its first
appearance among us. Nevertheless,
it is an unsightly and undesirable weed,
indicative of neglect and carelessness on
the part of the land owner wherever it
is left uncontrolled. This weed proves

not to be a bad weed to keep the

mastery over, or to exterminate entirely

where one is determined to do it. It is

a biennial, seeding the second year of

its growth. Hence, wherever it is now

seen in the field or by the roadside,

with its seed-stalk and tuft of white

blossoms, it is in its second and last

year of life. Hence, if the stalk be not

allowed to bear seed, it will be the end

in so far as that plant and its future

propagation is concerned. The life of

the plant goes out with the seed-bearing

head that appears in view. In

the fields, with its first appearance, this

sweeping destruction will be the end.

By the roadside, if it has been before

carelessly allowed to cast its seed, two

years of warfare will be needed. It

is now to prevent its

bearing seed to end the succession.

This is easily done in open fields and

elsewhere, save in the tangled hedge

rows, that no neat farmer has any busi-
ness to allow, by the roadside. All that

is called for is to destroy every seed

bearing head that appears in view. In

the fields, with its first appearance, this

sweeping destruction will be the end.

By the roadside, if it has been before

carelessly allowed to cast its seed, two

years of warfare will be needed. It

is now to prevent its

bearing seed to end the succession.

This is easily done in open fields and

elsewhere, save in the tangled hedge

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Maine Farmer.

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TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three insertions
and twenty-two cents for each subsequent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our
subscribers in W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Hancock and Waldo counties.

The political campaign in this State is now on, and the parties are getting comfortably warmed up. There will be no brass band campaign about this.

Philadelphia spends almost as much money on her Mayor as she does on her baseball team. Mayor Stuart's salary is \$12,000 a year.

The Androscoggin Valley Association Fair will be held at Canton, Oct. 2d, 3d, and 4th. The time has been changed so as not to conflict with the dates of the county fair.

The Board of Agriculture in London has published the official documents concerning the importation of Canadian cattle. Mr. Gardner, the president of the board, has decided that the proposition must stand.

It was Gen. Sheridan who once predicted that the time was not far distant when war would become so horrible that nations would settle their differences without its dread arbitrament. Gen. Sheridan must have foreseen the pneumatic dynamite gun.

We have received the premium list of the fair of the Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society, which will be held at Damariscotta Driving Park, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th. The list is a good one, just such as is always guaranteed by this old and reliable society.

The Maine Farmer office at the State Fair Park, near the entrance, will be open next week during the continuance of the exhibition, where at all times the editorial and reportorial force may be found. All subscribers and others interested in the mission of the *Farmer* are invited to call.

According to the bureau of mortgage statistics, the number of mortgages recorded in 1880 were 1,226,000 against 643,000 in 1880, an increase of ninety per cent. At the close of the ten years there were nearly five million mortgages representing an indebtedness of six thousand and million dollars. Nearly two-thirds of the mortgages are on urban real estate. The total yearly interest upon the mortgages is nearly four hundred million dollars, while the average rate of interest varies from five and a half per cent. in New York and Massachusetts to ten per cent. in the far West, an average of 6.60 per cent.

The arrival in New York of the English Anarchist, Charles Wilfrid Mowbray, was a secret and quiet as his departure last Wednesday. Mowbray did not find Anarchy a paying business in this country. When he came here he expected to find a flowery path prepared for him, but he was disappointed. In addition to the fact that there was little to encourage him to spread his doctrines, he met with the opposition of Herr Most and a few others. His departure should be the signal of an exodus of these conspirators against good order and good government. There is no room in the United States for any such cattle.

It was suggested at the meeting of the Postal Union held in Paris in 1879 that all countries should have stamps of about the same value printed in uniform colors, the advantage of this system being that uniformity would simplify matters for the strangers within the country who know little of the money or language. This suggestion has never been followed, but the new issue of stamps now being prepared by the government is likely to conform to it. The stamps most often used are the ones, two and fives, and is true elsewhere as in this country. The colors decided upon at the Postal Union were green for the ones, red for the twos, and blue for the fives. The suggestion seems a good one.

A Doctor of Divinity in New York is guilty of the following, taken from a sermon lately delivered. "Did you ever read in the Bible of a woman being in heaven? I don't believe there is a woman there now, or ever shall be. They will go back into their original state whence they were taken by the Creator. When Christ said that there were no marriages in heaven, but all should be as the angels, I believe He meant that there were no such creatures as women in that world of blessedness and song. Women are made for the glory of man, and man for the glory of God." It is to be hoped that this man's mother died before this base slander on womanhood was perpetrated. The man who would give utterance to such a sentiment deserves tar and feathers.

Scientific men who have looked into the subject have been favorably impressed by the experiments made in the treatment of diphtheria by the anti-toxin method discovered by Dr. Koch. Dr. Cyrus Edson pronounces it one of the most important discoveries of modern medicine. This claim seems to be justified by the results thus far attained, but further tests will doubtless be required to demonstrate the precise value of the discovery. The theory on which the treatment is based is simple, the purpose being to neutralize the diphtheritic poison. Dr. Edson is so impressed by the bacteriological examinations made in the Health Department's laboratory in New York that he will endeavor to secure an appropriation of \$30,000 for carrying on the work of preventing diphtheria.

A STILL DAY IN AUGUST.

Did you ever stand in the temple of Nature, amid a silence so intense that it could almost be felt? The lake that was lashed to fury in the morning, over which the white caps madly danced, has now scarcely a ripple to disturb or wrinkle its mirror-like placidity. The lone fisherman's skiff stands out prominently, and you can hear theplash of the captured fish as the victim comes to the landing net—not the fish that grows steadily from two to fifteen pounds from the time it is caught to the time the story is told about it in the busy marts of trade—but the honest fish of commerce.

The air is so quiet that conversation in a subdued tone is easily understood at a distance of more than a mile. The rattle and clatter of a disjoined farm wagon, its bowls down a distant hill, is an easily distinguished. A farmer way over in an adjoining township raises an axe to prepare some kindlings to start a fire under the tea-kettle, for the frugal evening meal. Each crash jars inharmoniously upon the ear. Even the bee's song, in its meanderings for its store of sweets, seems like the music of a well trained orchestra amid the profound and almost oppressive stillness.

Even the cricket's chirp is piercing, quite startling us as it comes from the side of the decaying log on which we are seated. The grasshoppers, full of the luxuries gathered from green fields and pastures, jump with unworded stupidity and carelessness, as though inviting us to capture them for bait on our next fishing excursion. But the offer is declined with thanks, as the fish do not now take kindly to grasshoppers.

The stillness seems to settle like a benediction upon the browning fields from which the harvests have been garnered. After the active, stirring days, the hush has come, as though Nature were getting ready to take a new hold. Just as the brain and muscle of the tired ones of earth must have seasons of rest and recreation, or the terrible strain will snap in sunder the vital chord, and the "pitcher will be broken at the fountain" indeed.

There are moments in this charming day when we listen in vain for an audible sound. Earth and sky seem to be in quiet communion, and the golden hours resolve themselves into one grand dome of praise. Men and angels are speechless and passive for the time being.

All at once, however, the silence is broken by a good, industrious dame, standing in her kitchen door, shouting to a distant neighbor, "What sort of luck do ye have with your butter, this morning?" Thus are we suddenly brought from the contemplation of the sublime in the midst of Nature's stillness, to the intensely practical things of life. And, oh! friends, how much of our lives are given to the solving of this everlasting bread and butter question! It salutes us in the morning as we rise refreshed and with new resolutions, beckons us to our tasks, and lingers with us to disturb our dreams. We cannot wholly banish the conundrum even in this still day in August.

And so dream, or is it all reality? The lowing of the herd in the distant pastures, the tinkling of the cow bells as the patient creatures come down the glade, seeking the home barn where the gliding swallows build their nests, are not discordant or harsh sounds, but are as much in keeping with this still day in August as are the notes of the bird, the buzz of the honey bee, or the chirp of the cricket. And, oh! the ethereal blue of heaven's arch! Did ever thunder tempests rage furiously beneath these tranquil skies? This scene reminds us of the poet's description of "Summer Noon."

The fields are still: The husbandman has gone to his repast, And that partaken, on the coolest side Of his abode, declines in sweet repose.

Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand, The flock beside the fence, with heads all prone, And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe,

No breeze bend in smooth and graceful While with their motion, dim and bright by turns.

The sunshine seems to move: nor e'en a breath Bruses along the surface with a shade

Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke. The slender stalks their heavy, bending Heads, Support, as motionless as oaks their tops."

The many friends of Capt. Llewellyn M. Morse and family of Bangor, will learn with deep regret of the death of Mrs. Morse which occurred at Fort Point, their summer residence, Monday morning at two o'clock, of passive pneumonia, after two weeks' illness. Mrs. Morse has been an invalid for a number of years, but her death was caused by the illness which seized upon her two weeks ago. Her age was 74.

She was a most lovely woman and deeply endeared to a large circle of friends. She was married to Capt. Morse fifty-one years ago, the anniversary of their marriage occurring last week.

Beginning Saturday, September 8, and continuing throughout the remainder of the season, the steamer "Frank Jones" will make two round trips a week between Rockland and Machiasport, weather permitting, instead of three round trips a week as at present. The schedule of these trips will be as follows: Leave Rockland for Machiasport and intermediate landings on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6:00 A. M. Return to leave Machiasport for Rockland and intermediate landings on Mondays and Thursdays at 4:00 A. M.

An attempt was made Monday evening to burn the grand stand at the Eastern Maine State Fair grounds at Bangor. A small boy discovered it and the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. A bottle of turpentine, cotton waste, paper and matches were found. The building had been locked up. There were a large number of exhibits in the exhibition halls. There is no clue to the perpetrator.

Senator Gorman's physicians advise him to leave for Europe at the earliest possible day, not only for the benefit of the sea voyage, but for the purpose of taking treatment at one of the German spas. His health is declared very precarious.

The indications are that a new hotel will be built on Squirrel Island next season. It seems demanded by those who resort there, who are not the lucky owners of cottages. The hotel will be much larger than the Chase House that was burned last season.

Augusta, August 27.

MAKING A PREACHER OF HIM.

She was an anxious inquirer for the law; wanted to know how its provisions would affect a child she had adopted and brought up, and who now, though only eighteen years old, thought of pushing out into the world for himself.

"What trade or occupation is he to devote himself to?" we inquired.

"Trade?" she asked, curiously; "Why, the critter's goin' to preach! Say he has a call from the Lord, and though I don't know much about religion, by jingo, I think he's more'n half right. He's out somewhere preaching every night, leads the Quaker meeting quite often, and they do say he's had lots and lots of converts. But I do think there is such a thing as carrying this religion business too far. I think when I have brought him up from a boy, nussed him, and tended him through the chicken pox, measles, and them things, instead of praying and speaking in meeting all the time, he ought to do some of the chores about the house and help me on the farm."

We thought so too, as the hard working woman rested her elbows on the desk before us, and we saw the hands hardened by toll for the boy's sake, and the wrinkles wrought on her once fair face, partially because of care and anxiety for him. Indeed, we thought so, and that there were many christian duties in the world besides shouting and praying and leading meetings.

We inquired if he seemed adapted to his chosen work.

"Fits it as a duck's bill does the mud," she replied. "He teased and teased me for a long while to let him hold a meeting at our house. But I tell you, mister, I was afraid to—thought likely I should be ashamed of him, and that my neighbors would laugh at me if he made a failure of it. But at last I yielded, and let him have a meeting. And, sir, you ought to have been there! Though it was not a pleasant night, the people crowded the house, and there they staid until after ten o'clock. The little feller prayed like a house-affire, and spoke like a major; and instead of being ashamed of him as I thought I should be, by George, I was real proud of him, and told him so right before the folks. He didn't seem to get excited, but talked right on, calm like, and to tell you the truth, mister, I couldn't help dropping a tear or two myself. Perhaps I have been bringing up a minister, but I do wish he would stop talking about going away, and turn to and help me a little on the farm."

And still proud of the boy, the hard-working woman turned away with the problem unsolved.

Who Will It Be?

At the close of the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society, last year, in accepting a relection as President, Col. Jerrard stated that he wished the life members to consider this the last year, and come together at their next meeting, next Thursday evening, prepared to select his successor. For fourteen years Col. Jerrard has served the State Society faithfully and earnestly, filling the important positions of Trustee and President in a manner not only entirely satisfactory to the members, but also to the financial condition of the Society. Under his wise administration the debt has steadily decreased, while the character of the yearly exhibitions has almost given out. At some of the summer boarding houses in Orange, Ulster and Dutchess counties in which not a drop of rain has fallen since May, in these counties the crops of corn, oats, potatoes and wheat will be the lightest known in many years. The fruit crop has also suffered very materially from the same cause, and there will hardly be any grapes or apples.

There is no pasturage for cattle, and the farmers are compelled to give feed to their animals. The water supply at Highland, Marlborough and some other small towns in that vicinity has almost given out.

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Items of Maine News.



Y NEWS.
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Sept. 10, at 10
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A larger pro-
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adherents con-
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hesitate to take

archy.

Bert Allen of Yarmouthville is a

cripple, and of late he has been quite depend-
ent. Thursday he attempted suicide by

cutting his throat. Luckily he did not

cut deep enough and, while he has badly

wounded himself it is not thought

serious consequences will follow.

Erasmus Redman of Ellsworth, was found

dead in his stable Sunday morning. He

was a prominent democrat, had been

collector of customs and a local political

leader for years. His age was 76 years.

He was the father of Hon. John B. Red-

man.

Fred J. Allen, a young lawyer of San-

ford, succeeded in compelling Cook and

Whitby's circus to pay \$450 to men that

had been bunched by attaches. He had

to follow the circus to Manchester, N. H., to do it, and his officers had to

draw revolvers to stand off the circus

toads.

Frank T. Wells of Mercer stood in

front of his bull to adjust a piece of nar-

row, when all at once the bull made a

lunge at him and pinned him against the

horn of his horns. When Mr. Mercer's

father rescued his son, Mr. Mercer was

found to be uninjured, the horns of the

bull not penetrating his flesh.

A Brookville lady has lately been tor-

mented by rats, and she decided to get

even with them, so accordingly she

placed six traps in places where the rats

had taken possession. In a few hours

she had secured six as large rats as

ever were seen there. Five of them

measured twenty inches in length, and

the sixth measured fifteen inches.

Miss Susan Vining of Durham, who is

80 years old, was out in the field near her

house the other day and noticed some

ants quite near her. Not having her

glasses with her she was unable to see

what they were, but picking up a big

club she struck it after them and killed

three of the gaudy mephitis. A pretty

good shot for a woman of 82.

Three burglars were committed in

the vicinity of Calais, Monday night.

At Red Beach, the Phoenix Company's

store was broken into and four watches

and months had been paying her marked

attention. His congregation remon-

strated vigorously, and finally a few

weeks ago he was given an indefinite

leave of absence and the church was

closed.

There is no

news.

Steamer Delta

arrived at 11, Hallo-

with the ele-

which will leave

at 1, Bath

afternoon train,

Boston. Round

Hallowell and

and \$25; Bath

; tickets good

inclusive. The

Buffalo, N. Y.,

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Poetry.

SHIPS IN THE DARK.

Ships that sail in the dark;
And many ships there be
Which sail the trackless sea,
Without a sight or sound,
With darkness all around,
And caught their course to mark.

Ships that sail in the dark:
Aye, though the night be deep
When stars no vigils keep,
Where heavens are a pall,
Night's curtains are let fall,
Black walls are stiff and stark.

From darkness into dark.
Like arrows shoot their paws,
Dark waters each keel plows,
Lost in the trackless way
Save compass as their stay,
Each solitary bark.

Sail on though you're so dark,
Aye, though the night be torn,
Speed then and wait for morn,
Till curtain of the light
Sets in the rosy light
With call to disembark.

Ship of the dark, sail on.
But keep the course aight
In darkness as in light
Thou'll near the farther shore,
And when you're o'er
The haven will be.

J. B. Smith, D. D., in *Watchman*.

LIFE'S USES.

Man looks into the darkness through his tears,
And life seems but a lunged skein;
He looks adown the dreary path of years,
All blinded by this tempest rain.

This problem of existence seems
Too much for him to understand;
And so he trembles in the dark,
But touches God's right hand.

He feels the hand that lifts him higher,
At last he sees the light;
He hears a voice that says: "Aspira,
And thou shalt know the right."

Oh human soul in darkness bound,
Thy chain shall drop away,
And Heaven shall prove its wondrous sound
When sin of earth decay:

And you shall grow to know that life
Was shaped by good and ill,
And that the soul climbed to the light
By climbing up life's hill.

So trusting, toil, and toiling, trust;
Cling to our Father's hand,
And from the weakness of the dust
You'll reach the better.

—Demarest's Monthly.

Our Story Teller.

SMUDGING A HA'NT.

All the boys in Wildcat cove believed implicitly in the existence of ghosts. Why should they not when their elders put such perfect faith in genuine "ha'nts"? From generation to generation thrilling tales of ghostly wanderers were handed down as the richest possession of some particular cove.

A cove in Tennessee is a long, deep valley among the mountains. Wildcat cove, extending away back among the cliffs of the Tennessee mountains, was exactly the place a haunt might be supposed to enjoy. But until Bud Sims and Coon Tabor's memorable encounter on the ledge above Lost creek, no one had ever met the ha'nt of Wildcat cove face to face.

It was just the day for a grand hunt, and Bud and Coon determined to make the most of it. Long before the sun had found its way over the top of Wallend ridge, while the morning sky was yet chill and gray, the boys were on their way to the head of the cove.

When they reached the banks of Lost creek the eastern sky was a sea of rippling pink, flecked with soft, dim dashes of changing gold and gray, and by the time they struck the ledge, far over the distant ridge beyond, the sun was rising slowly over the dark mountain and the cloud-mists were rolling up from the valleys.

Half way up the cliff the boys stopped for a moment to rest, for the path was unusually rough and steep. The point which they had in mind was two miles further on, in the range, as the woods where cattle feed or "range" in winter, are called.

Although where the cove was wider it was now quite light, down here in the ravine through which the creek rushed, foaming and rough, to its underground prison beyond, it was only a dim twilight yet. They had climbed quite a distance already, and below them the waters of the creek roared and rushed. Far above on either side rose the rugged ledges of rock which formed the cliff-lined walls of the cove. Behind the jutting rock where the boys were resting was a narrow passage leading into a deep hole in the cliff.

Genuine mountain boys as Bud and Coon both were, they of course were familiar with every inch of ground for miles around. There was nothing alarming to them in this dark hole; they knew it well. It was only a fissure in the rock, such as could be found in all the limestone cliffs among the mountains, and it extended, so far as they knew; only some thirty feet back from the ledge. It was not wide enough for even a boy to squeeze through with any degree of comfort, and at last grew so narrow that even the curious Coon had been able to go no further.

The boys had always thought that the passage probably led to the underground course of Lost creek; for the waters below suddenly disappear beneath the cliff, and where they appear again has never been discovered.

There was no sound in the ravine except the roar of the waters below. The people in the valley had not begun the day's work as yet, and the fields were quiet and deserted.

Coon broke the silence. Bud was the elder, but Coon usually took the lead. "Hit air on this ledge as the ha'nts been walkin', Bud. Old Man Waters seen hit in later'n a-chewday week."

Bud started involuntarily. "Ef hit war ter appear to we-uns now!" he murmured, apprehensively.

"The hole that put me in mind of hit," continued the other. "Old Man Waters, he set hit come out'n the hole smudge hole. But I kin git a-holt of hit if hit does, I reckon," with grim courage. He crept back to his fire.

With the shock she came back to the present, and looking around, saw that what but a short time before was a smooth, placid stretch of blue water was now a foaming, raging sea, dashin' its waves high above the low rail of the schooner. The wind whistled and howled around her ears. She could scarcely hear her father as he shouted his orders to her from a few feet distant. Filled with terror, she kept the vessel on its course, but only by the exertion of her whole strength.

Louder and louder roared the wind, and higher yet climbed the waves. The sun still shone brightly above her head, seeming to make the scene more frightful than it would have appeared beneath a cloudy sky. A kona may blow for days and it may pass in an hour. Their only hope was that this one had arisen so suddenly that it would subside as quickly.

Kalalama watched the black cloud which had first given him warning of coming trouble, and saw, to his joy, that it was passing away. Evidently the kona would not last many hours, but could the little vessel, built for sailing on a summer sea, stand that terrible wrenching and twisting even for that short time?

She was new and reasonably strong, but the blows she had suffered might well have destroyed a stronger vessel.

"Ef hit air handy ter do so I aim ter."

Coon spoke with his usual quiet drawl, but with such deliberate emphasis that the assertion carried conviction to Bud's wondering ears.

"Fur sure, Coon?" Bud was a wed at such daring.

"Yes, ef—"

"Yes—ss!"

The boys were on their feet in an instant, faced with dilated eyes, toward that yawning fissure.

Back there, in the darkness, swayed a ghostly, grayish figure.

"Yes—ss, yes—ss," mocked the ha'nt. Then its horrible, unearthly voice died away in a low mutter, and the darkness closed upon the fading figure.

Bud felt his hair rising with terror, and his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth. He could not speak. Too terrified to stir he gazed, fascinated, at the spot where the angered ha'nt had disappeared.

Coon's face was still a trifle pale, and his eyes were darker than usual; but he tried to steady his voice as he spoke: "Hit war the ha'nt, fur sure, Bud."

"An' hit war a-mocking" of ye, Coon. I low hit war powerful mad at ye, too, ter hunt it." Bud's voice trembled; but he was trying to appear indifferent as to whether the ghost was still or not.

"I'm aimin' ter hunt hit," Coon persisted. His hair seemed rising still and his knees felt unsteady, but his resolution did not falter.

Alarmed at such audacity, his comrades tried in vain to turn him from his purpose. Coon doggedly resisted. Bud finally desisted in sheer despair, and the boys were silent for awhile.

"Le's smudge him out, Bud," Coon said, at last, in a low whisper.

Bud turned around in horror at such daring irreverence.

"Smudge out a ha'nt!" he gasped.

"Dye last, Coon? What'll hit do ter ye, dy'e reckon?"

"I low we uns might jest 'spee' mint on hit, anyways," Coon returned, deliberately. "Ye see, nobody knows jest what ha'nt might take hold inter his head ter do. But we uns could 'spee' mint, an' mebbe hit might do some good."

"Hit might blast the craps."

"Well, hit might, but agin' hit moughtn't. We uns would know for sure if hit war that-away then."

"Hit might kill us dead," Bud vented, dismally.

"I'd like mighty well ter jest know for certing what a ha'nt would do," persisted Coon. "Granny's allers astellin' about or seeing on 'em, an' a word about 'em-a-doin' nothing, unless hit war skeerin' sombody mighty nigh ter death. An' I ain't skeery," angrestively, "ef hit air anything else."

"Naw, an' I ain't, neither. Well, we uns kin do hit, mebbe."

Bud sighed; but heroically determined to follow where his friend might lead.

"An' hit would be mighty satifxin' ter know jest what a ha'nt war made of, an' jest what the way obligated ter do," Coon again asserted.

In spite of his deliberate manner he was a plucky little fellow, utterly fearless where ha'nts were not concerned, and of too inquiring a turn of mind to take the word on the others' hearsay.

The gray light was giving way to the warmer tints of day, and far down in the valley were now the sights and sounds of everyday life. The boys' courage revived under these influences.

Coon unfolded his plan. The hunt on the mountain was given up at once; more important work was now on hand. The only exit from the cave was on this ledge, and Coon was to guard it while Bud crept around the rock to a narrower part. In former hunting excursions the boys had often "smudged," or smoked out, the coons to do the work required of her on the schooner. When they left Lanapahoehoe the sun shone brightly, but old Kalalama shook his head and looked gravely toward a bank of black clouds which were piled up high above the top of lofty Mauna Loa. Kalalama little for her father's misgivings. She was anxious to get away, for the next day was a holiday, and she wished to reach Honolulu in time to enjoy herself with her companions.

While she stood holding the wheel and keeping the little craft on its course, she was dreaming of the luan to which she had been, and bidden and thinking of the bright leis which she would weave in her dusky hair and hang around her dimpled shoulders. Her holoku would be as pretty as any there, and she knew that at least one pair of eyes would see that leis and dross were both worn in a beautiful girl. Dreaming thus, she did not notice the change which was coming over the sky—did not see the white caps, which showed that the wind was raising swiftly and would soon sweep across the wide channel with resistless force.

The pleasant islands of the southern sea are not always serene and placid. Sometimes the kona comes howling and shrieking down the dark canyons and through the narrow gorges, smiting everything before it to the ground. When it comes God help the hapless craft which is in its road. God only can help, for the blows which the wind and waves deal upon the tossing, writhing vessel are heavy enough to drive it bodily beneath the waters.

Kalalama had neither holoku nor leis to dream of, so he had seen the kona coming and had been preparing to meet it to the best of his ability. He had given the girl his orders in quick, sharp tones, and she had mechanically obeyed them, but without realizing what the change of course meant. Suddenly she was awakened, and roughly, from her dreams. A wall of white water rose high above the side of the vessel and dashed down upon the deck, drenching the girl to the skin.

With the shock she came back to the present, and looking around, saw that what but a short time before was a smooth, placid stretch of blue water was now a foaming, raging sea, dashin' its waves high above the low rail of the schooner. The wind whistled and howled around her ears. She could scarcely hear her father as he shouted his orders to her from a few feet distant. Filled with terror, she kept the vessel on its course, but only by the exertion of her whole strength.

A moment more, and the leaves began to burn.

"Coon, aw-w, Coon!" he called, softly, peering around the jutting rock, holding firmly by one brown hand.

Coon was waiting patiently at the mouth of the cave; he started forward as Bud's shaggy head appeared around the corner.

"Air hit there?" he gasped, breathlessly.

"Not yet," Bud responded. "The way I call ye. Hit come over if hit war a human, hit might come outta a hole no bigger'n the smudge hole. But I kin git a-holt of hit if hit does, I reckon," with grim courage.

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"Hit air on this ledge as the ha'nts been walkin', Bud. Old Man Waters seen hit in later'n a-chewday week."

Bud started involuntarily. "Ef hit war ter appear to we-uns now!" he murmured, apprehensively.

"The hole that put me in mind of hit," continued the other. "Old Man Waters, he set hit come out'n the hole smudge hole. But I kin git a-holt of hit if hit does, I reckon," with grim courage. He crept back to his fire.

With the shock she came back to the present, and looking around, saw that what but a short time before was a smooth, placid stretch of blue water was now a foaming, raging sea, dashin' its waves high above the low rail of the schooner. The wind whistled and howled around her ears. She could scarcely hear her father as he shouted his orders to her from a few feet distant. Filled with terror, she kept the vessel on its course, but only by the exertion of her whole strength.

Louder and louder roared the wind, and higher yet climbed the waves. The sun still shone brightly above her head, seeming to make the scene more frightful than it would have appeared beneath a cloudy sky. A kona may blow for days and it may pass in an hour. Their only hope was that this one had arisen so suddenly that it would subside as quickly.

Kalalama watched the black cloud which had first given him warning of coming trouble, and saw, to his joy, that it was passing away. Evidently the kona would not last many hours, but could the little vessel, built for sailing on a summer sea, stand that terrible wrenching and twisting even for that short time?

She was new and reasonably strong, but the blows she had suffered might well have destroyed a stronger vessel.

But Bud was no coward. Much as he feared ha'nts he could be absolutely fearless in ordinary circumstances; and in that moment on the brink of the ledge he had recognized the ghost. The instant the combatants rose to surface, Bud was kneeling on the ledge, with his old gun aimed unerringly. In that instant he fired. Then, dropping swiftly down hand over hand, by the bushes and the trees, he reached the bank and plunged in to rescue the almost exhausted Coon. When Bud had finally drawn him to the shore, Coon was still grasping the dead wildcat. The boy's face was covered with blood, and both face and hands were badly scratched, but there was no serious injury. Bud pulled the dripping hero up on the bank silently, and washed away the blood-stains.

"Hit come mighty nigh killin' ye, Coon," he said at last, vainly striving to keep the tones of his voice even.

The boys had been friends all their lives and loved each other with a love as strong as David's and Jonathan's old. But mountain boys say even less of what lies nearest their hearts than boys elsewhere.

Although both hearts on the bank of Lost creek that day were full of the thought that they had faced death together but a moment before, Coon made no answer. In his heart, however, he registered a silent vow that he would never forget how Bud had saved him at the risk of his own life, and Bud was proudly thinking how brave his comrade always was, and mentally determining always to stick to his weight.

They were at least twenty-five miles from land, alone on the tossing sea, without even a broken oar to assist them, and she, a helpless girl, must do what she could to save not only her own life, but her injured father. Kalalama had put on his old skin coat and his sea boots when first the waves began to break above the rail, and these added much to his strength.

Swimming swiftly to his side, Kalalama caught hold of him and raised his head above the water. He was not insensitive, and in a few moments was able to support himself on the water, but he was still pointed out to strangers as the girl who swam twenty miles and carried her insensible father the greater part of the distance. —San Francisco Call.

He could only hope for the best and hold on to the rail until the wind fell. He had done all that was possible to save his vessel. God must do the rest. The wind was surely sinking, the waves did not rise so high above his head. The worst was over and he turned his head to speak to the girl, who still clung to the wheel.

Then came a crash. An immense wave had broken over the stern, stilled the little hold and the little schooner in a direct line. Of course the girl had not kept a direct line, and had covered much more distance than that.

When Kalilis recovered her strength her father was able to be up, and in a few weeks both were as strong as if they had not passed through that terrible battle with the waves.

Kalilis still lives, but she has never been on the sea since that disastrous voyage. She has lost her nerve, and now dreads the water worse than a person who never learned to swim. But she is still pointed out to strangers as the girl who swam twenty miles and carried her insensible father the greater part of the distance. —San Francisco Call.

THE BITE OF A COBRA.

"I wonder what sort of a sensation it is to be bitten by a cobra and know that one must die in a half hour or so?" drawled out Capt. Gordon, as he puffed lazily at his cheroot on the veranda of the One Hundred and Ninth Hussars' mess at Fyzabad.

"It was after the mess dinner and the regimental band had bagged their instruments and gone silently away into the hot stifling night. Half a dozen officers were reclining in 'long-sleeved' chairs, their feet up on the arms and 'pegs,' with plenty of ice, standing in long glasses like grim spectres, to keep the men from getting up.

"Well, I know exactly how it feels," chirped in Bings—Bings, "the 'stone,' as he was called—with an earnestness that fairly took up Gordon's breath.

"Then she started to swim back over the course they had sailed that day. Think of it! Alone twenty-five miles from land, alone on the tossing sea without even a broken oar to assist them, and she, a helpless girl, must do what she could to save not only her own life, but her injured father. Kalalama had put on his old skin coat and his sea boots when first the waves began to break above the rail, and these added much to his strength.

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Horse Department.

RACES TO OCCUR IN 1894.

Saco, Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31.
Bangor, Maine State Fair, Aug. 28-31.
Lewiston, Maine State Fair, Sept. 4-7.
Fairfield, Sept. 18.
Boston, Mass., September, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.
Boston Park, Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5.
Octo., Oct. 2, 3, 4.
East Somers, Lake View Park, Oct. 9th.
10th and 11th.
Northeast Park, Oct. 17, 18.

1894. MAINE'S 930 LIST.

Readers will confer a favor by sending in the name of any person who has a horse not mentioned on calling attention to any one on the list, which will include horses being in Maine, and also those obtaining a record on the list.

FAUNTLEROY, by Albrino, dam by Belmonte, Belmont Park, Philadelphia, June 6. **2.20%**
Not Rounding. **2.30**

PRINCE HARBINGER, by Harbinger, **2.30**

Augusta, by Foxcroft, June 14. **2.30**

DAMSELLE, by Nelson, Foxcroft. **2.30**

June 20. **2.30**

CAL. FITZ, by Wilkes, Right July 1. **2.27**

Trained by Edward, dam by Olympia. **2.23**

OLD ORCHARD, by Olympia, dam by **2.24**

TELEON, by Old Orchard, June 28. **2.24**

DEON, by Old Orchard, June 28. **2.24**

EDWARD, by Gideon, dam by Don. **2.24**

HANCOCK, Fairchild, by Island Chief, **2.24**

July 6. **2.25**

PRINCE FEARNAUGHT, by Fearnaught, **2.25**

CLEVELAND BOY, by Thelair Jr., **2.25**

HARVEY RUSSELL, by Harbinger, **2.25**

LADY FRANCIS, by Franklin, **2.25**

EDWARD, by Old Orchard, June 16. **2.25**

PARKER, by Nelson, Pittsfield, July 13. **2.25**

EDWARD, by Pittsfield, June 13. **2.25**

AMERICAN, by Daniel Boone, Rock. **2.25**

July 4. **2.25**

MAX, by Black Ben, dam by Fly. **2.25**

EDWARD, by Victor Patchen, Bethel, **2.25**

July 11. **2.25**

FOAL OF 1891-SUNSHINE STAKE-TROT-
TING-PURSE \$500.

Katie Mac, b. m., by Robert Mc-
Gregor. **1 6 1 5**

Queen, b. m., by Nelson. **5 5 5 5**

NEWPORT, b. m., by Nelson. **3 4 2 3**

Margaret, L. b. m., by Nelson. **9 2 4 2**

Doris, b. m., by Nelson. **4 9 6 5**

Cortinella, br. m., by Nelson. **11 8 9 5**

ROSE, b. m., by Nelson. **10 10 7 8**

Val, b. m., by Nelson. **8 dis**

Time—2.25 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2.25 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2.21 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2.21 $\frac{1}{4}$.

2.25 STAKE-PACING-PURSE \$500.

Wilkes, b. m., by Nelson. **1 1**

MERRILL, ch. s., by Nelson. **2 2 dis**

Big Fly, b. m., by Nelson. **3 6 dis**

EDWARD, b. m., by Nelson. **3 6 dis**

RICHARD LAMBERT, ch. s., by Nelson. **5 5 dis**

GLENDALE, b. m., by Nelson. **7 7 dis**

Time—2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2.19 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2.19 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Second Day—22d.

FOALS OF 1891-SUNSHINE STAKE-TROT-
TING-PURSE \$500.

NANCY RICE, b. f., by Alcantara. **3 1 2 1 2**

Sylvia, ch. s., by Edgerton. **3 1 2 1 2**

EDWARD, b. m., by Nelson. **3 10 10 4**

LANA, b. m., by Rockefeller. **7 5 4 3 3**

HONEST JOE, by Fred Boone. **2.20**

EDWARD, b. m., by Pittsfield. **2.21**

TOUCH, b. m., by Daniel Boone, Rock. **2.25**

MAX, by Black Ben, dam by Fly. **2.25**

EDWARD, by Victor Patchen, Bethel, **2.25**

July 11. **2.25**

FOAL OF 1891-HAMPTON STAKE-TROT-
TING-PURSE \$400. MILE DASH.

MIRTH, b. m., by Neponset. **1 1**

EDWARD, b. m., by Pittsfield. **1 1**

HARRISON, b. m., by Pittsfield. **1 1**

JOHN, b. m., by Pittsfield. **1 1**

Time—3.06.

The judges for the gentlemen's driving horses were J. D. Brown of New York, Mayor F. O. Beal of Bangor, and Edward H. Woodside of Brunswick.

Class 65, which called for the best driving horses, size under 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands, mile and repeat, to carriage, had five entries. Hod Nelson sat behind the handsome black mare, The Bird, driven last year by Hiram Tozier, and was awarded first prize. Dr. Geo. H. Bailey, with his mare, Manie Rolfe, captured second prize, while J. F. Barrett drove Molly M. of the Fair View Farm, and carried off the third, and Deputy Sheriff S. Porter of Cumberland took the fourth with the fifth and intelligence with size and courage.

Twenty-five hundred for a pair of Gordon's drivers, one of which had a record of 2.20 $\frac{1}{2}$ could be brought together! There's no longer any question about fast classes filling in Maine every season. That kind of goods are being pushed on the market rapidly.

What a great race it would be if Early Bird, 2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$, Mahlon, 2.13 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Haley, 2.14 $\frac{1}{2}$, could be brought together! There's no longer any question about fast classes filling in Maine every season. That kind of goods are being pushed on the market rapidly.

Those who cry out against the horse business and declare that it is running down should take a little time to read the columns giving reports of races in every corner of the State. This, too, is but a simple feature, and we predict that the quality of the horse stock placed on exhibition at our exhibitions this year will be above the average of any previous year.

The owner of Alix, who created a sensation at Washington Park, Chicago, on Tuesday, by turning the track in 2.05 $\frac{1}{2}$, beating Nancy Hanks' best time on the same course, telegraphed President Burnham of Rigby during the meeting there last week, that if a race could be arranged between Alix and Director for a purse of \$10,000, he would bring his horse here. Mr. Burnham agreed to the \$10,000 purse, and Director's owner has also agreed to terms. This race will be the most important in the history of New England tracks, and will come off about September 20. If this doesn't warm up the hearts of thousands towards this to be celebrated track, nothing short of an earthquake can.

The late Sir Charles Helps said: "Whenever I see horses suffering from a too tight check-rein I know the owner is unobservant, cruel, or pompous. He is unobservant if he would see that his horses are suffering. He is ignorant or would know a horse loses much of his power of pulling and cannot recover himself if he stumbles; and he is cruel if, observing and knowing, he does not remedy it. He is pompous and vulgar if he prefers that his horses rear their heads on high and rattle their trappings to be dealt with humanely and reasonably. When I look at the coat-of-arms of these carriages I know who are the greatest fools in London in the upper classes. The idiot and brute of a coachman likes to sit behind these poor, tortured, faithful martyrs, with their tied-up heads, but his master ought to know better."

There is one fact in connection with the horse business which is not commented on as it should be. It is that in

the rapid increase in speed everything which falls below loses value rapidly unless possessing other valuable characteristics. Thus a 2.30 horse, ill shaped and with bad disposition, capable of going to his record but not more, is worth less than a good cart horse. As the ranks of the 2.20 performers increase, the value of the 2.40 drops. With two-year-olds trotting in 2.12 there must be promise of great speed in others to sell at a profit. For the good road horse the ability to go in 2.40 adds greatly to value, but without the road qualification such a horse won't pay. Coming years will only make more marked the distinction between the road horse and the trotter or pacer. In one the sole qualification is to go and in the other size, intelligence, substance and style will insure a paying price, to be increased rapidly as action is added.

THE HORSE FAIR AT RIGBY.

Bad weather met the officers at Rigby the opening day, but with a full week's programme there was no chance for delay, and the ball opened with small attendance. The exhibition stock was choice in quality but not large in quantity.

The races the first day, in spite of the bad weather, gave Rigby a new record, 2.10 $\frac{1}{4}$. The summaries were as follows:

Tuesday, Sept. 3.

Class No. 1—Trotting. Foals 1893.

E. L. Norcross, Manchester, b. f. Enchanted, by Bay Wilkes, dam Perseverance.

W. D. Haley, by Albrino, dam by Col. West.

W. D. Haley, by Edward, dam by Nelson.

W. D. Haley, by Nelson, dam by Edward.

